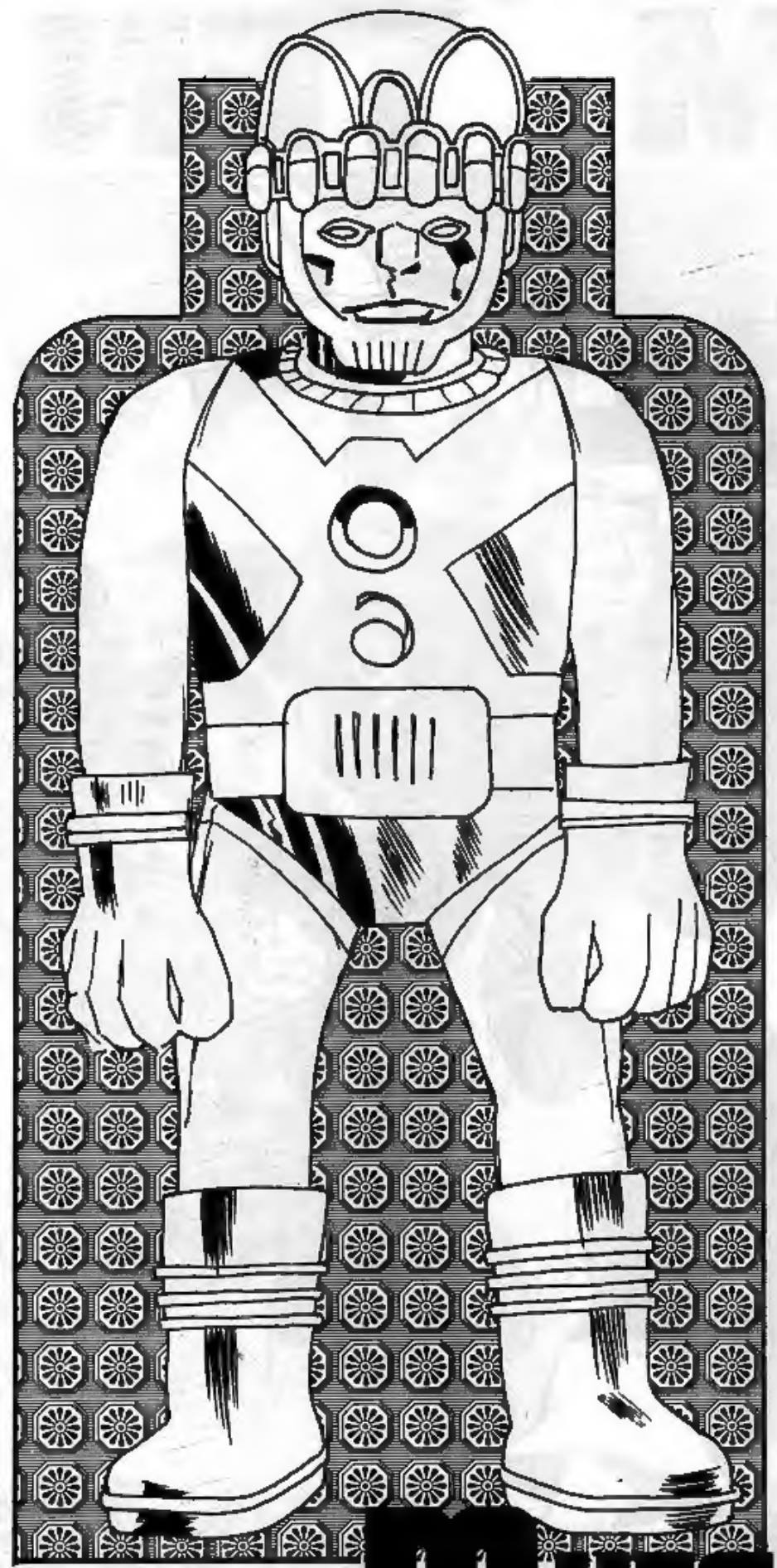
# FOOM TEN



*JACK KIRBY'S original visualization of the Sentinels.*

*"Are not the X-Men truly superior? Weren't their motivations beneficial in allowing and perhaps enabling them to survive to maturity? If so, is it not their destiny to be the first of a new mutant race who will, in time, sweep the human race off the face of the earth as the wind blows the useless dust before it? Is their personal quest to keep the human race unconquered, untrammelled in their petty little games, not a gross betrayal of the destiny of their new race?"*

—*Gregor Kishel*, The X-Men: An X-ercise in Improbability (Virginia, Minn., MarMir Press, 1968)

April 7, 1975, 5:23am, EDT.

In a spacious, second-floor apartment in one of the nicer sections of Georgetown, Fredrick Amos Duncan suddenly sat bolt upright in bed, grabbing his head with both hands. His eyes popped open wide. In his left cheek an old, long-forgotten nervous tic returned to life. Duncan broke into a cold sweat. He was all alone, but a voice rang out deep inside his head. The words...they were felt, rather than heard..., came in crisp, sharp tones that stung his mind like a swarm of angry bees. They were mercifully brief: "...this afternoon...12:30...your office... be ready...important..." And then they were gone.

Fred Duncan stayed awake long enough to mutter a single word.

"Xavier..."

Then he fell over and lapsed into a deep sleep.

* * *

AMERICAN SAMOA (NSNS) — A geophysical research team today confirmed earlier reports that the island of Krakoa in the South Pacific had vanished from the face of the earth. The research team was at a loss to explain just what had happened to the tiny island, once the site of US nuclear tests. "It's as though Krakoa were suddenly swallowed up, or perhaps flung off into space," said

# MUTATION

one member of the team. Scientists at the Stanford Earthquake Center had recently reported severe seismographic activity in the Krakoa area.

—*The New York Daily Bugle*, April 7, 1975, Early Edition

* * *

At approximately 6:45 the alarm clock by Fred Duncan's bed began to buzz in a loud and raucous fashion. Like most other mornings, Fred's right hand darted out to silence it. Unlike most other mornings, Fred did not jump out of bed for his standard morning routine of a dozen or so deep knee bends. No, on this morning Fred Duncan slowly crawled out of bed and groped his way to the bathroom . . . perhaps a more normal way to start the day for most of us . . . but not for Duncan! Duncan usually slept soundly, awaking bright and alert for the day ahead. This particular morning he awoke with a fuzzy mind and a fuzzier tongue. It took him a good five minutes for his eyes to focus on the image in the mirror. When they finally did focus, he wished they hadn't.

"Lord," he thought, "I haven't looked this bad since the morning after the Army-Navy game back in '58! What's happening to me?

He began applying lather to his face.

"Let's see . . . weekend was uneventful enough. Dave and Andrea in town . . . treated them to dinner one night . . . they treated me on the next . . . saw them off at Dulles . . . came home . . . read a little Hammett . . . turned in at a decent hour . . . can't figure what could . . . OUCH!!"

He gingerly touched his chin where his razor had sliced off a small piece of flesh. Suddenly his eyes popped open, much like the night before. He seemed to stare past the image in the mirror.

"That . . . that dream! I dreamt that Xavier contacted me. Or did I . . ." He let the thought trail off. Twenty minutes and two cups of coffee later, Fred came to a conclusion. The contact had been real!

"How long has it been . . . ten months? A year? Yes, about a year since he's contacted me. But, lordy, it's been the first time in ages that I haven't been wearing the 'crown.' His mind is more powerful than ever! I wonder what he wants?"

Fred glanced at the clock. Seven-thirty-six. He hurriedly gulped down the last of his coffee and rushed to finish dressing. If Charles Xavier wanted to have further words with him this afternoon, he'd best be ready for him. And if Xavier's X-Men were in need of any aid, Agent Fred Duncan of the FBI would be ready to do all he could!

* * *

At 7:45 on the morning of the seventh, the campus of Empire State University was fairly deserted. ESU, after all, enjoyed a late spring break. However, a few special intersession seminars were in progress, and the one in room 575 of Mayne Hall was attracting special interest this day. The gathering's official title in the university records was *The Emergence of Higher Life Forms as Minority Groups*, and the guest speakers who joined in on the discussions were causing no small amount of controversy. Enough controversy, in fact, to bring a bit of pressure down on the shoulders of Dr. Ralph Froelich, the seminar's organizer. Froelich had retorted by flaunting his tenure. He smiled about the warnings of his more conservative colleagues as he opened the meeting for the day.

"Well, good morning! I'm pleased to see such a large turnout here today . . . especially considering that midterms are over!" He was greated with chuckles and saluted with a few upraised coffee cups. "We had hoped to have Professor Charles Xavier with us today to discuss the so-called mutant problem in the United States. Professor Xavier, however, sent his regrets, saying that he was tied up in a number of personal projects at the moment. He did put us in touch with a man, though, whom I think you'll find more than well-versed in the subject of mutant humans. He served as head of the Federal Council on Mutant Activities during the late sixties. I give you, the Honorable Judge Kenneth R. Chalmers."

# OF THE SPECIES

The former jurist acknowledged the smattering of applause his introduction brought with a slight smile and a nod of the head.

"Thank you, one and all. I don't know that I rate that applause in light of some of the things I've let myself be connected with, but I'll endeavor to do my best in holding up my end of the discussion.

"To begin with, I suppose we must all realize that much of the mutant problem in this country lies with that peculiar variety of national paranoiea that has periodically affected us... expecially since the end of the Second World War. You're all familiar with the Red scare of the McCarthy Era...and, of course, there was the earlier flying saucer scare. The mutant scare first raised its head in the early sixties. It was at that time that the first children of the nuclear era were coming of age. It was then that the public first became aware that their species was beginning to mutate in a slightly more drastic manner than before. Most mutations, as the biologists tell me, are detrimental. The result is that the mutant rarely survives childhood. Many of these mutants are, in fact, stillborn. A small number of mutations, however, are of a beneficial nature, or at the very least of little enough harm that the mutant is able to live. Radiation is a prime factor in many mutations, and what with the great amount of nuclear activity and radiation leakage after the war... well, we suddenly had a mutant population problem on our hands. There were actual panic conditions in some locales. Some people were starting to view with fear any unusual ability their children might have. Inevitably, the government started investigations which more or less led the formation of the Council on Mutant Activities in the late sixties...a council now thankfully disbanded."

"Uh, pardon me, Judge?"

"Yes, Doctor?"

"I wasn't aware of any governmental activity on mutants prior to 1969."

"Oh, yes! The Federal Bureau of Investigation has maintained a special office on mutants since... umm...1962, I believe! Headed by an Agent Duncan, as I recall."

* * *

By 8:15 Fred Duncan had made his way past three sign-in sheets and four security checks. A special key and a thumbprint lock got him into his office. There he tossed his jacket over the back of a chair and punched up a certain number on his phone.

"Hello, Bill! Yes, good morning! Listen, something big is in the wind ...yeah...with the X-Men! I'll be tied up all afternoon probably. I want you to intercept all calls, the works. Yeah, fine. Thanks a lot. 'Bye!"

Putting down the receiver, Duncan glanced up at the picture of the old man that adorned the far office wall. A grin spread across his face.

"Dear old J. Edgar, bless his black heart! Wonder just why he *did* give me the mutant case?" Duncan pondered the thought as he poured himself his third cup of coffee of the morning. "Was it that the old double degree in Bio and sociology? Or did he figure the mutant problem for a dead end he could stick some snotty-nosed troublemaker with? A dead end..."

Duncan smiled broadly and raised his cup.

"Here's to you, old man, in whatever heaven or hell you be! That assignment has turned into one hell of a career!"

* * *

"Robbie, what in God's name is this?

Joe Robertson looked up from his work and studied the clipping his publisher held in front of him.

"'American Samoa' ...oh, yes! I remember that story! Sounds like science fiction, doesn't it?"

"Damn right it does! I don't believe it! Isn't this a little late for April Fools jokes?"

"Oh, it's a legitimate wire story. The National Science News Serivce isn't one to joke around about something like this. Still, if you want, Jonah, I'll hold it out of the later editions until we can get more on the story."

"You do that!" And with a puff of smoke, J. Johan Jameson bulled his way across the City Room.

* * *

In his Washington office, Fred Duncan pulled back a wall panel and inserted his left and right thumbs into appropriate slots. There was a series of low frequency beeps, followed by a soft hum as a triple-thickness adamantium door swung slowly open. He walked into a smaller room that was almost totally filled with file cabinets. He stopped before one of the cabinets and activated yet another series of locks. This was the core file...the complete rundown and backgrounds on the X-Men! And Fred Duncan was one of the few living men who could read it! When the X-Men had come into being, Xavier had devised a code in character form so complex that the most sophisticated computers couldn't crack it. But thanks to the professor's mental conditioning, Duncan found he could read it with ease...though not aloud. Another little menal block Xavier had placed in his mind prevented that. Duncan shivered a bit as he though about that. "If there are beings with the power to challenge a mind like that, what could we poor normals do?"

Taking the file to his desk, Duncan started leafing through to refresh his memories when a yellowing sheet caught his eye. He smiled. It was the rundown on the X-Men that writer...what was his name... Stanley?...had written ten years ago...

NAME: Professor Charles Xavier (Professor X)
AGE: Thirty-ish
VOICE: Leslie Howard– without English accent.
CHARACTERISTICS: Possesses most brilliant mutant brain in the world. Confined to wheelchair due to accident in his youth. Completely bald-headed a la Yul Brynner.
Deeply serious, brooding, thoughtful, intense. The worry-wart type. Leader of the X-Men. He takes his job very seriously.
POWERS: Can read thoughts. Can project his own thoughts. And hooboy, such an I.Q.

NAME: Scott Summers (Cyclops)
AGE: Nineteen.
VOICE: Anthony Perkins.
CHARACTERISTICS: Sort-of a present-day Hamlet. He's deputy leader of X-Men. Grim- unsmiling. Always worried about his own problems.
POWERS: If his eyes are ever unshielded, the power blasts they emit can cause untold damage.
NAME: Henry (Hank) McCoy (The Beast)
AGE: Eighteen
VOICE: Tony Randall

*Storm, newest female X-member (Drawing by DAVE COCKRUM)*

CHARACTERISTICS: Talkative as hell. Uses two-dollar words whenever possible. Is an erudite scholar and bookworm, which completely belies his somewhat apelike posture. Has a sense of humor and is most likeable.

POWERS: Fantastically agile. Can climb a wall with his feet- can balance on one finger- can run, jump, leap like a monkey.

NAME: Warren Worthington the Third (The Angel)

AGE: Eighteen

VOICE: A young Gene Barry

CHARACTERISTICS: Wealthy- from a very blue-blooded family. Extremely handsome, and somewhat surprisingly endowed with a pair of large, dramatic-looking wings.

POWERS: Considering his wings, it

*ABOVE: What the fans wanted to do to CHRIS CLAREMONT, LEN WEIN, and DAVE COCKRUM for destroying the X-men before they saw the book. Once the finished product was in their hands, they quickly changed their minds (Bonfire by Marie Severin)*

will come as no surprise to learn that he flies like a boid.

NAME: Bobby Drake. (Iceman)
AGE: Sixteen and a half-or seventeen.
VOICE: Typical teen-ager. But not too icky. He's a nice kid- not an itch.
CHARACTERISTICS: Is the youngest of the X-Men, but a regular guy.
POWERS: Can mentally will his body to turn icy! Can hurl ice at an enemy and can create ice-slides, ice-walls, etc. when needed, out of composition of his own body.

NAME: Jean Grey. (Marvel Girl)
AGE: 17½
VOICE: The voice of a pretty, seventeen-and-a-half-year-old gal.
CHARACTERISTICS: She falls madly in love at the drop of a hat. Presently has a crush on Professor X, Cyclops, Angel, and Lord-knows-who else!
POWERS: Can levitate herself or other objects by telekinetic power which she possesses.

NOTE: All of the X-Men are mutants. They are banded together to protect mankind from the evil mutants which are also amongst us. They are quartered, secretly, in Professor Xavier's School For Gifted Youngsters. No one on the outside suspects that "gifted youngsters" whom the Professor soli-

cits for his school are really mutants.

"We've all changed in the last ten years," thought Duncan. "They're older...hell, I'm older! There're the new kids...Lorna Dane and Scott's brother, Alex. Funny that Lorna never developed a code name! Of course, she was never with the group in public enough to need one. She and Havoc certainly added a lot of power to the team!"

He looked back over the old listing and frowned. "Wonder if I should close the file on Henry McCoy? Where did I put that memo? Ah, here it is!"

Duncan reread the general federal notice:

TO ALL OFFICES:

The being known as the Beast is officially an Avenger and will henceforth be granted all privileges due him as a member of that body.

"Well, Professor, your training must have been of some good, if it helped produce an Avenger!"

* * *

And at precisely 11:51am, EDT, a complaint was being lodged at a top secret military base somewhere in the province of Quebec.

"Yes, Colonel Mathews? What was it you wanted to see me about?"

"Sir, I must protest the release of Project X!"

"You wish to file a formal complaint, Colonel?"

"If I must, sir."

General Goodin tugged at one corner of his mustache. The RCAF had been his life for longer than he cared to remember, and certain assignments...this Project X in particular...were somewhat less than pleasing.

"Very well, Mathews," he sighed, pulling out the special forms, "what is the nature of the complaint?"

Mathews blinked.

"The nature...? Sir, do you realize how much time and money went into the training of the Wolverine? And to just let him walk off and abandon the..."

"Colonel, might I remind you that if it weren't for the Wolverine's own mutant abilities, we would have never had a Project X to begin with?"

"Yessir. But he was supposed to be our..."

"He was supposed to be our version of Captain America. Is that what you're trying to say, Mathews?"

"Well...ah...yes."

"Well, he was supposed to be, but he wasn't. And as far as I'm concerned, that's just fine. 'The Wolverine'...hah! HE was well named. The man's a psycho. In battle he goes for the throat and doesn't let go until he or his enemy is dead."

"That was his training, sir. That's why he took the name 'Wolverine.'"

"Yes, and I'd just as soon not have Canada represented by one such as him! Oh, relax, Mathews! We've received word that came all the way down from the top in Ottawa. The Wolverine has been given a special release, and there's probably damned little you can do about it."

"Lord, that old guy must have some pull!"

"Old guy?"

"Yessir, that professor...what was his name?"

"Oh, you mean...odd, I can't seem to recall. It's as though there were some sort of cloud in my mind."

* * *

At 12:28 Fred Duncan pushed aside his paperwork and pulled two more treasures from the fortified file room. One was a strangely designed IBM ball for his typewriter. The other was a simple metallic headband that Duncan called 'the crown.' Charles Xavier had given it to him over a decade ago. It boosted Duncan's brainwaves to a point where they were more intelligible to the mutant master...and it slightly deadened the mind stunning affect of the Professor's call. Sitting back in his chair, he slipped the ball into the typewriter, affixed the headband to his brow, and waited. He didn't wait long.

"Good afternoon, Fred." The mental voice was astoundingly clear. "It...it's been a while, Professor."

"I know. Public fervor was so high over the past few years that it seemed more judicious to work undercover. And then there was that episode with the Secret Empire last year."

"Yes, we received your report and the material from SHIELD on the matter."

"Well, I have much new material for you and not much time. I suggest you prepare yourself."

Fred Duncan's brow knitted slightly. For a moment a look of indignation passed over his face... but only for a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders and relaxed.

"Ready, sir."

"Good..."

The light went out of Duncan's eyes and his fingers began to fly across the keys.

* * *

In the gym at Avengers' mansion, he who had been Henry McCoy completed his twelfth series of triple somersaults and was beginning to work out on the rings, using only his toes.

"Great gym," thought the Beast,

"but I really could use more of a challenge. What we need are some hidden traps like the old Danger Room. The Danger Room . . ."

He stopped in mid-swing and dropped to the floor, landing on his feet. There was no regret in being an Avenger. Still, he wondered how his old mutant comrades were doing.

"Ah, well," he thought, "back to the rings!"

• • •

As Fred Duncan's mind awoke, he

*THE EVIL MUTANTS: It's Magneto who pulls the strings of the Blob, Unus, Loreli , Mastermind, and The Toad. (Drawing by Don Maitz and Duffy Vohland)*

found himself placing the specially coded ball back on its special niche. A huge pile of new forms lay on his desk. He looked at the clock. Only fifteen minutes had passed. His hands began to feel very, very sore.

"You should be able to digest the new information more easily at your leisure, Fred."

Duncan started thumbing through the pile.

"What happened? You go on a recruitment drive?"

"In a manner of speaking. I should be in contact again soon. After the events of the past few weeks, the X-Men may be becoming quite active again."

"Is that all, Professor?"

"For the time being..."

And the voice was gone.

Duncan sat down and began to sift through the new information.

"Hmmm...Banshee and Sunfire ...we've got files on them. John Proudstar, AKA Thunderbird...ex-Vietnam vet. What's this? Nightcrawler... Storm... Colossus... is Xavier trying to start a mutant UN? Super-agility, limited-range teleportation, elemental manipulation, hyper-strength, armored body...God, they're more powerful than ever! Wait-a-minute! Colossus... Peter Rasputin... a Russian? Fine, just fine! Some of those Cold War refugees in the Defense Department will be mixing the tar and feathers!"

Duncan dialed a number.

"Hello, Bill? Yeah, Fred. Listen, I want the service record on a John Proudstar...should have been discharged within the past three years. Then get in touch with our Canadian friends and tell them we want all they can give us on something called Project X. No, I'm not kidding... bend a few arms if you have to. Oh, and see if you can get me an appointment with the Secretary of State! We've got a little international mutant problem brewing and we may need his help! Right...get back to you later."

Fred Duncan sat back in his chair, a rush of air whistling between his lips.

"'The X-Men may be becoming quite active again.' Xavier, I don't know what's around the corner for us ...but I have the feeling that it won't be dull!" □

# X-MEN! X-MEN! READ

Not since STAR TREK went off the air has *anything* ever created such a furor for revival. Of what are we speaking? Why, the X-men of course.

Ever since the X-MEN went reprint, letters began trickling in crying for the return of our merry band of mutants. And the trickle turned into a sackful. And that sackful into more. Until... finally... we realized that the X-Men were too good to let fall into oblivion, and LEN WEIN and DAVE COCKRUM fulfilled one of their dreams by reviving their favorite super-team. By the time you read these words, you'll probably have already seen a CHRIS CLAREMONT-scripted issue or two, 'cause Len had to move on to greener pastures— but remember— the names may have changed, but the magic's still the same!

In celebration of the revival of the X-People (as they are referred to in these days of Women's Liberation), Dave Cockrum has created a captivating FOOM cover which is veritably a gift from the gods upon which any True Believer would be able to gaze for days! Thanks, Dave!

If you let your eyes roam over the editorial pages of this issue, your sight should fall across a mini-masterpiece by Paty, who'll be doing many of the spot illoes for our up-and-coming Vision article. Just in case you're having trouble identifying who's who in the X-Men roster herein, we'll give you the key: The Angel=Duffy Vohland. The Beast=Scott Edelman, Iceman=Marv Wolfman, Cyclops=

# ALL ABOUT 'EM!

Len Wein. Professor X=(who else?) Stan Lee, and Marvel Girl=Paty herself. Just in case you think we look a little weird, you have to be reminded that we don't *really* dress like that at the office— we usually wear *capes*,too!

In case any of you out there are still wondering what's going on with our WRITE THIS PAGE contest, so are we. The winners have already been chosen and announced in previous issues, so the only problem lies in getting the prizes lettered. Are you listening, letterer? You know who you are. We won't ruin your anonymity by naming you, 'cause we don't want to embarrass you into submission... but if we don't get the prizes soon, we're going to give the winners your home address. and let *them* settle it!

As for our DRAW THIS PAGE contest, the grand prize winner is Rick Livingston, and FRANK GIACOIA has already inked your page which will be returned to you as soon as possible (and which is printed in this issue).

Keep on pluggin'.

We're introducing two new innovations with this issue of FOOM. First of all, the back cover will now serve as a coming attractions page, so each issue when you turn to the rear of this mag you'll know what to expect as the lead article for next issue. Secondly, each and every issue of FOOM will now feature a pull-out poster, starting, of course, with the X Men!

Last but not least, we're including a poll in this issue to discover in which manner you really want your news reported, and the results will be strictly followed

That's all for the moment, effendi, so glom your eyes over the rest of this issue, and let us know what you think 'cause True Believer— we're nothin' without ya!

—SCOTT EDELMAN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**MARV WOLFMAN/Editor-in-Chief**
**SCOTT EDELMAN/Editor**
**DUFFY VOHLAND/Contributing Editor**
**LEN WEIN/Really Swell Person**

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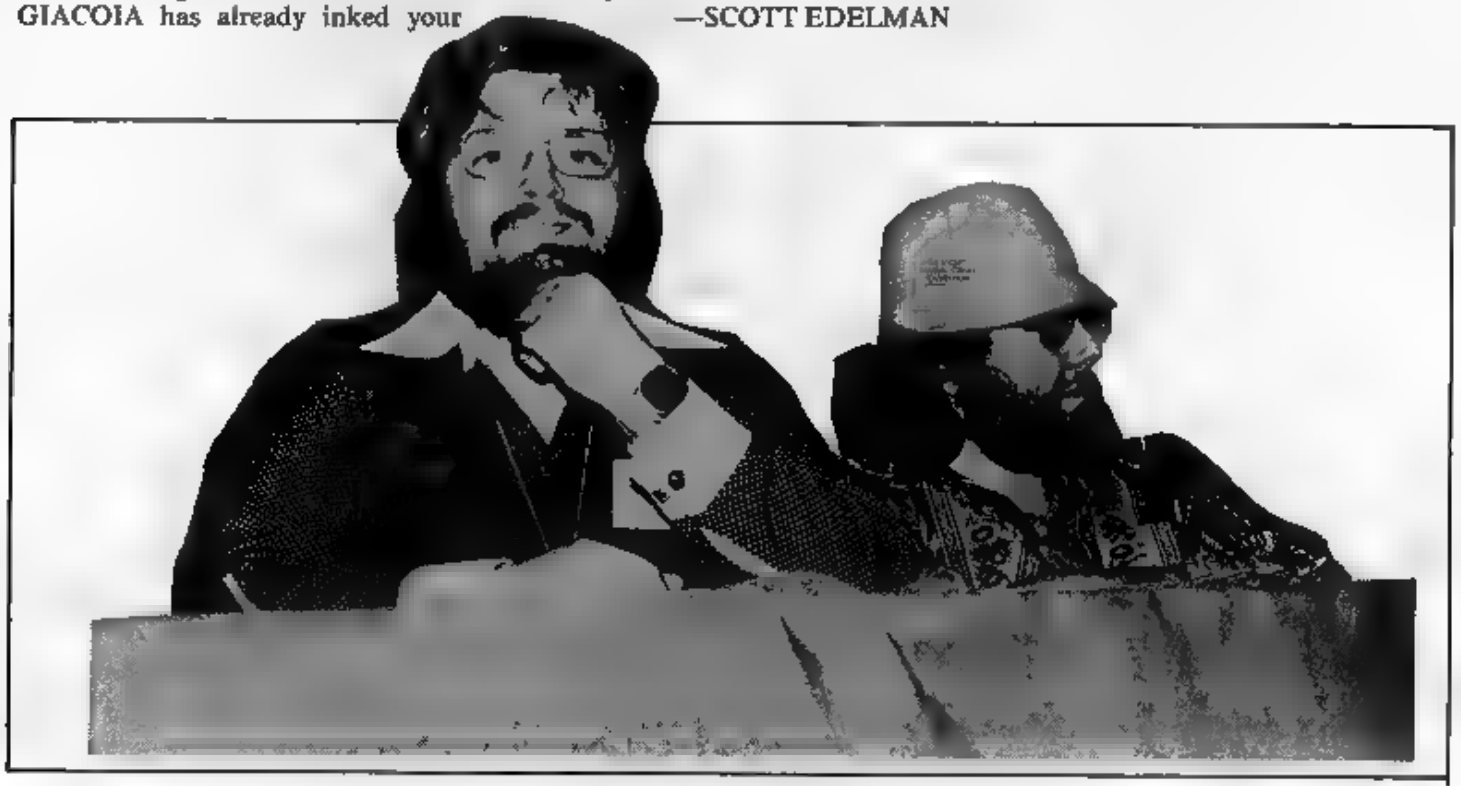

*Editor (Scott Edelman, right) and Contributing Editor (Duffy Vohland, left) anxiously await your letters of FOOM #10!*


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# DOCTOR FOOM meets CAPTAIN APPLEPIE!

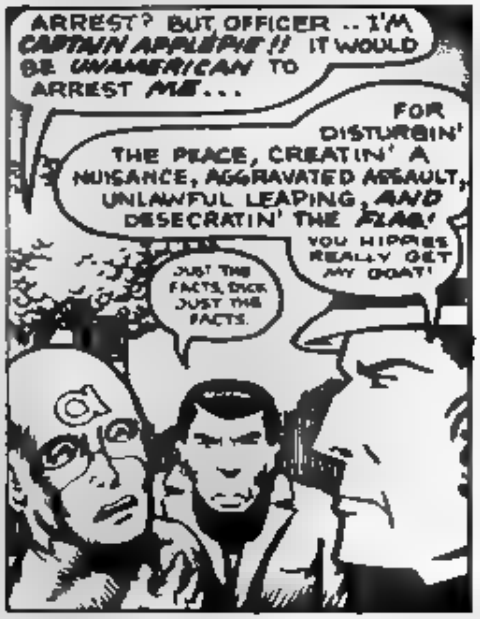
STORY & ART - CHARLEY PARKER

SHEESH! IT'S GETTIN' SO YA CAN'T STEP OUT THE DOOR WITHOUT RUNNIN' INTO A SUPER HERO..
SO TODAY I THINK I'LL JUST RELAX WITH A CANDY BAR AND A GOOD COMIC MAG.
A GUY NEEDS AN OCCASIONAL BREAK FROM CONFRONTING THE WORLD YA KNOW

LITTERBUG!
OH NO
DON'T YOU KNOW THIS IS KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL WEEK!!!
OOOOO - YOU UNPATRIOTIC CREEPS MAKE ME SO MAD. IF IT WASN'T FOR MY CODE I'D REALLY MESS YOUR FACE!
SPROING!
LEAP!

CODE? YOU MEAN THAT SOPHOMORIC DO GOODER MORAL CODE THAT PREVENTS YOU FROM DOING GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM TO INNOCENT-UNTIL PROVEN-GUILTY VILLAINS?
NO I MEAN THE COMICS CODE
OH.

ANYWAY, YOU BETTER CLEAN IT UP YOU TIN-PLATED DIME-NOVEL DICTATOR!
CLEAN IT UP YOURSELF, YOU WITLESS TOOL OF THE IMPERIALISTIC POWER MONGERS!
WHY, YOU CAPED CREEP!
LONGJOHNED LOONY!
ARMOR-PLATED AIR-HEAD!
STAR-SPANGLED SIMPLETON!


ARREST? BUT OFFICER.. I'M CAPTAIN APPLEPIE!! IT WOULD BE UNAMERICAN TO ARREST ME...
FOR DISTURBIN' THE PEACE, CREATIN' A NUISANCE, AGGRAVATED ASSAULT, UNLAWFUL LEAPING, AND DESECRATIN' THE FLAG!
JUST THE FACTS, DICK JUST THE FACTS.
YOU HIPPIES REALLY GET MY GOAT!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M THE LIVING SYMBOL OF THE FLAG, APPLE PIE, MOTHERHOOD AND TELEVISION, EVERYTHING AMERICA STANDS FOR!
TELL IT TO THE JUDGE
HA! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I WIN FOR ONCE!

NOT SO FAST TIN-FACE! YER UNDER ARREST TOO - FER LITTERIN'!
OH, I CAN'T BE ARRESTED OFFICER, I'VE GOT DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY - SEE? HERE'S MY OFFICIAL BLATTVERIAN MONARCH I.D. CARD.
THAT DOESN'T CUT ANY ICE WITH US BUDDY!
THAT'S FUNNY, IT ALWAYS WORKS ON THE FANATIC FOUR. AH... WOULD YOU TAKE A BLATTVERIAN DRIVERS LICENSE?

NEXT ISSUE: FOOM'S SPOTLIGHT TURNS TO JACK "KING" KIRBY

# FOOM FAN ART GALLERY

**It seems that last issue's cosmic theme inspired many of you to pull out your pens and pencils and sketch the stellar super-heroes that were the subjects of the sensational Jim Starlin cover. Unfortunately, we lost the envelope that the Silver Surfer soared to us in, and so must present it uncredited. But please— step forward and identify yourself! Marveldom Assembled awaits you!**

*CAPTAIN MARVEL by Tony Samudio*
*SILVER SURFER by ????*
*WARLOCK by Neil Richie*

# MARVEL COMIC CON 1975!

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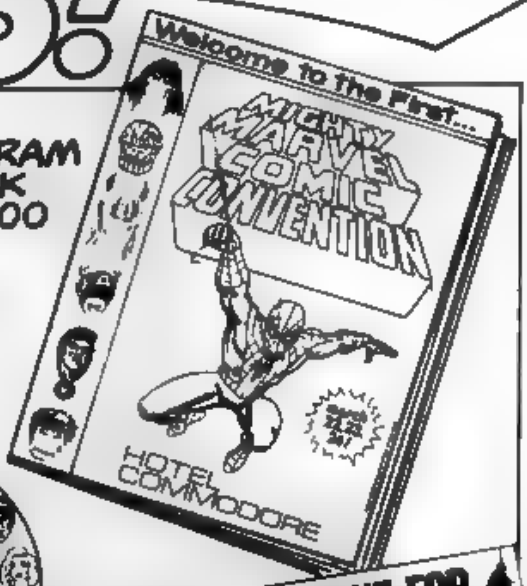

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- ☐ GREEN GOBLIN
- ☐ LIZARD

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*with a villain or two thrown in just to keep you on your toes!

These fully possable 8 inch high action figures can be yours for just a few resnicoffs— and life just wouldn't be the same without 'em!

When the calls come forth from the cons throughout the country, it is merry Marvel who is the first to harken to the cries. The Bullpen has spent many man-hours (and woman-hours, as Mirthful MARIE SEVERIN will be the first to attest) entertaining the most far-out fen of the most mixed-up medium in existence— comix!

After watching the creative geniuses of the business put into the limelight for years, Marvel decided to place a few of her own on stage to pick up the honors they so richly deserve. It wasn't enough that we produce the greatest color comics this side of Asgard! It wasn't enough that our black-and-white line has found a formula for success which would have made the

# MARVEL AT THE CON!

Watcher shed a tear in happiness! It wasn't enough that Irving Forbush has been forgotten by millions! We had to do it!

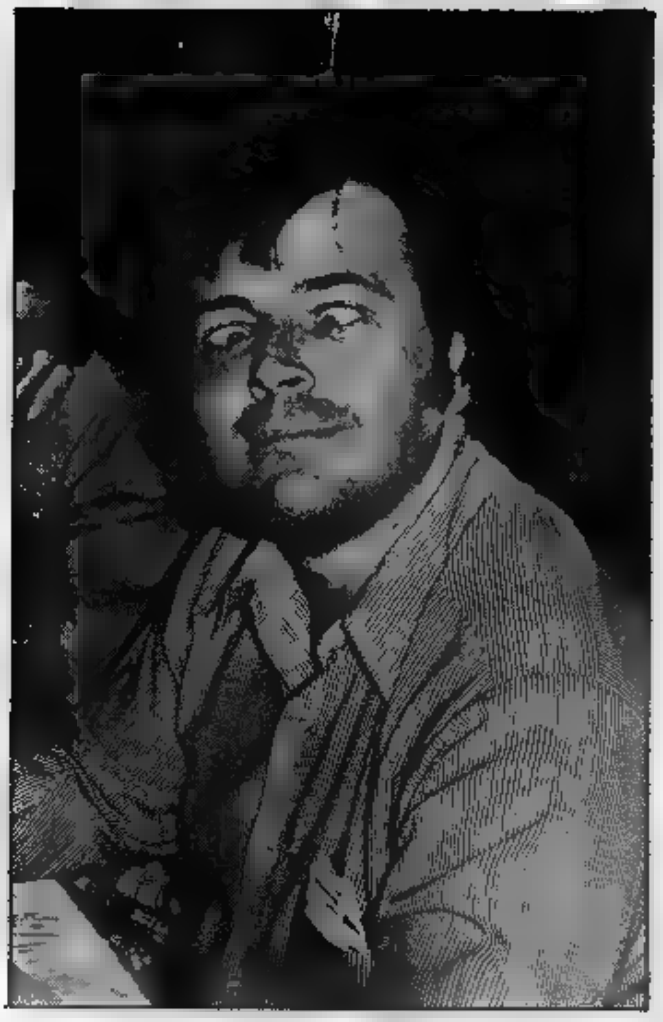
Do what, you ask?

Simply produce the greatest, grandest, and goofiest comic convention a True Believer ever saw. Were we successful? Simply ask one of the thousands of happy fen who went home with anything from SPIDER-MAN #1 to a much-prized piece of original Marvel art.

If you missed out on the fun, the following few pages will attempt to fill you in on what you passed up. If you were at the con, you'll be able to relive your treasured moments as you peruse the following pages.

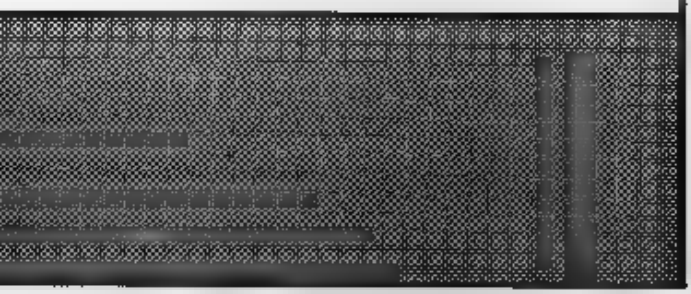
And remember— there's always NEXT year!

*MAN-THING, as portrayed by Tom Watkins, won first place at the costume contest*



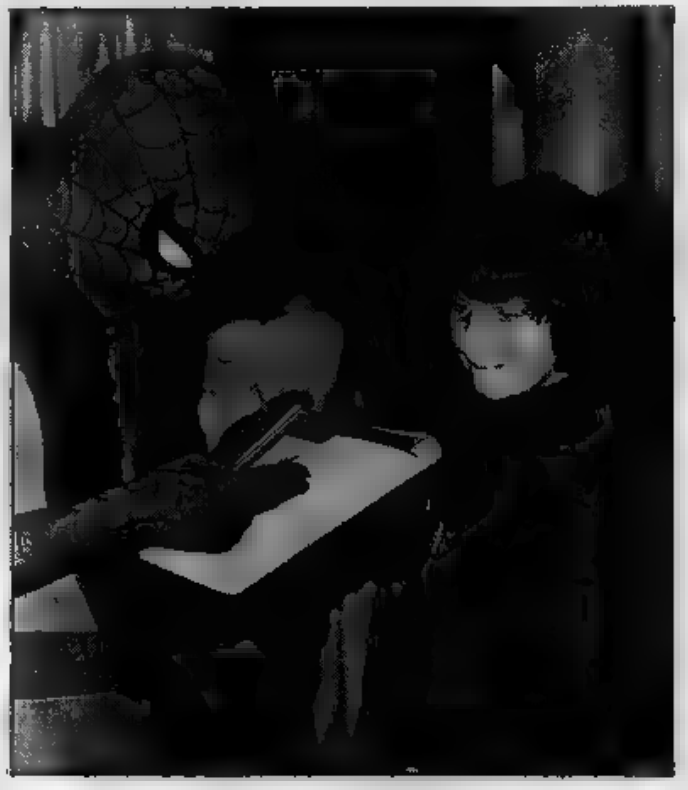
*The man waving to the camera with a tremendous grin on his face is HULK artist supreme, HERB TRIMPE. Herb is in Merrie Olde England as you read these words, taking a rest to escape the jade juggernaut for a few months. But Herb should know better than to expect peace and quiet, 'cause CHRIS CLAREMONT, IRON FIST author and world's greatest WAR IS HELL fan, is about to leave for the same foggy clime. The two of them plan to spend the summer simmering and plotting a whole new war book which will satisfy both the war-gamer within each of them and sell at the same time. Impossible, says Joe Fan. But Herb and Chris will never say die.*

*NEAL ADAMS takes a dim view of horsing around at conventions. He believes professionals should exhibit the utmost degree of decorum as gentlemanly as possible. In this unposed photograph, Neal is having a staring contest with* himself



*THE MANY FACES OF STAN LEE! Whether signing an autograph for a fan, watching a Bullpenner who's giving a talk in rapt attention, or simply clowning for the amusement of the audience, Stan seems to represent the epitome of that which is Marvel Comics. It was at MARVEL CON that Stan first unleashed the blockbuster news item that Jack Kirby had rejoined the Bullpen (and you'd best hurry to read the news section of this issue of FOOM, if you haven't already done so) to take on a passel of prime projects designed just to please you! And don't miss the next issue of FOOM— our special JACK KIRBY issue! It'll let you in on the details of the greatest artist ever to grace the comic book page! It's time to rejoice— Lee and Kirby are together once more!*

*Devil-May-Care DOUG MOENCH, senses-stunning scripter on our brand-new SHERLOCK HOLMES and DOC SAVAGE books, takes time out from his staggering schedule to sign autographs for the Bill Everett Fund in the ACBA Room. (That's Academy of Comic Book Arts, for those of you unversed in comic book lore.) ACBA provides a great many services for both fans and professionals, and they'll be glad to send you information on their organization. So send a note to ACBA, 9 East 48th Street New York, New York 10017, for information— and be sure to tell 'em FOOM sent ya!*



*Not only were the artists and writers of Marvel's top titles at MARVEL CON, but the stars of the books themselves were on hand at the biggest comic happening since Stan Lee packed the house at Carnegie Hall. Io, these many years ago. (In truth, Spidey was looking for a certain LEN WEIN to check that he'd gotten the plot correct on his upcoming issues of web-heads book. Biographers do make mistakes!)*

*Mirthful MARIE SEVERIN was one of the many artists and writers who took time to give helpful hints to the young hopefuls who came to MARVEL CON to try to get a critique of their work. MARIE was only one of the many, but space does not permit us to show the faces of the many unknown Bullpenners who served Marvel in her hour of need. (We're only kiddin' Marie— you're the Queen of Comics!)*

*That s HOWIE CHAYKIN who's taking a dim view of goings on in the dealer s room. Seems he's looking for LEN WEIN to plot the next DOMINIC FORTUNE installment. Hurry up, Len! If you don't show soon, Howie may decide to write and draw the whole thing by himself!*

*Rascally ROY THOMAS helped guide many to the road to success when he spoke on a panel which detailed how various fans became Bullpenners, which included such personages as TONY ISABELLA, DUFFY VOHLAND, SCOTT EDELMAN and MARV WOLFMAN. The audience appreciated the anecdotes from these professionals' fan days and perhaps instilled hope in many a mind.*

*MARV WOLFMAN gazes in awe at the man seated front row center sporting a cape and two fangs who has just asked him in a Hungarian accent if he is the author of the book of lies titled TOMB OF DRACULA. Marv quickly called a priest, so he was able to assume the post of Editor-in-Chief with no problem*

*Even JOE SINNOTT, winner of the Favorite Inker catagory in the first annual Irving Awards (The ballots for last years are continually being counted even as the words are typed) manages to join in on the fun at MARVEL CON '75.*

*But don t let it be thought that the Bullpen only goes to cons run by Merry Marvel herself! Marvelous MARV WOLFMAN, Live-it-up LEN WEIN, and Sparkling SCOTT EDELMAN preside over a Marvel panel at Toronto's own Cosmic Con! Our hats are off to the many who made Marvel's stay a pleasant one, including Marty Herzog, Count of Canadian comix!*

# FIRST PLACE DRAW THIS PAGE

*GRAND PRIZE WINNER Rick Livingston*

THE DUMBEST FIGHTING TEAM OF ALL TIME!!
EGGSMEN
GIMMIE A COUPLE MORE CUBES WILLYA NICEMAN?
AWK! I LOSE MORE NEWSPAPERS THAN THAT!
I'VE HEARD OF UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OOOHHES, ANGLE, BUT YOU TAKE THE CAKE!
YUMMY! ANGEL-FOOD!
GREETINGS ANY EGGS-MEN
SAY! I CLEVER THE WAY I CAN THROW MY VOICE?
SAVEDAY PROF' WILL YOU COOL IT WITH THE TELEPATHETIC IMPULSES!!
AND CAMES TOO!
YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO BE TELLING PEOPLE TO COOL IT NICEMAN! AWK! THAT'S THE FIFTH COPY OF SCAREDEVIL I'VE RUINED THIS WEEK!
SAY EYECLOPS, WHAT'S THE BEASTIE TALKING ABOUT ANYWAY?
DON'T ASK ME - TIMED TWITCHARDS IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND HIM
I COULD PUT WORDS TO THAT MUSIC!
PERHAPS YOU'RE PUZZLED BY THE PLETHORA OF POINTLESS PANELS THAT PERVADE THE PRECEDING PANELS. WELL THE PROBLEM IS PERPLEXING, BUT PROPER PERUSAL
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TODAY
NOT REALLY
HADN'T OCCURRED TO ME
SAVEDAY IT MAY INTEREST YOU WISE GUYS TO KNOW THAT YOU'RE BEING REPLACED!
REPLACED!
THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE FOUND ANOTHER BUNCH OF MUTANTS WHO SHOULD BE LESS TROUBLE THAN YOU CLOWNS MEET THE NEW EGGS-MEN!
OH NO!
WHAT'S ALL THE EGGSCITEMENT?
WHAT DID YOU EGGSPECT?
THE YOLKS ON YOU, EX-MEN!
THE EGGSPLANATION IS EGGSCEEDINGLY SIMPLE YOU ARE NOW EGGSTRANEOUS EGGSCESS
THERE'S NO EGGSCUSE FOR YOUR EGGSISTANCE, SO YOU MAY AS WELL EGGSIT
!!!
SAY - THIS HAIR GROWER REALLY WORKS!
EGGS
EGGSACTLY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!
WHAT? THAT WE'RE BEING REPLACED BY THOSE DIME-A-DOZEN FINKS?
NO - THE BEASTIE ACTUALLY SAID AN ENTIRE SENTENCE I UNDERSTOOD

# DEPARTMENT OF

Okay, officials. Got your postcard ready

In FOOM #'s 8 and 9, we've experimented with a new format for the DEPARTMENT OF INFOOMATION and then we suddenly remembered that we'd forgotten to consult you! So we instantly switched back to the old format the alphabetical listing by title

And now that we've exposed you to both formats, we'd like to know what you think.

So send a postcard to FOOM, c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP 575 Madison Avenue, New York, NY. 10022, with either the word "NEW" or "OLD" emblazoned across the back. "NEW" signifies the mini-interview news section as in the past two issues, while "OLD" means what's in store. We will tally the results and devoutly follow your wishes.

Ten postcards will be picked from the total and each given an original page of coloring, so start those cards coming in - but first read the DEPARTMENT OF INFOOMATION to discover what we've got planned for you in the months to come!

## JACK'S BACK!

The big news from this issue is that Jolly Jack Kirby is back in the fold once more. He'll be working on a passel of projects that'll begin passing your way in the next few months, a few of which Stan has already let you in on in the BULLPEN BULLETIN. To fill you in on just who and what the King is, we'll be devoting an entire issue to his exploits (as if you couldn't tell by our boombastic back cover)!

A Mo Prize goes to the first True Believer who can explain why the cover on the right was used instead of the one on the left!

AMAZING ADVENTURES: There is "A Death In The Family" as Craig Russell and Dan McGregor continue to bring you the on-going saga of Killraven, Warrior of the Worlds! In the final battle with Star, two Freemen die, never to return! PLUS: The origin of Grok! One of the most unusual races in comics! Serpents, stallions, and griffins! DON'T MISS: Killraven versus "The 24-hour Man"!

ARRGH! The book has been cancelled - and to quote Roy Thomas: "Arrgh!" (But be on the lookout for HOWARD THE DUCK, about which you can find out more if you hurry down to the letter "H" in this alphabetized news section!)

ASTONISHING TALES: Doug Moench, Rich Buckler, and Keith Pollard continue the on-going saga of Deathlok the Demolisher as he faces "The Man Who Sold The World."

NEXT: Bill Mantlo takes over scripting chores.

AVENGERS: Night Rider, Kid colt, Two-Gun Kid, and all of the other turn-of-the-century titans will be teaming up as "A Thunder God Goes West!" Steve Englehart and George Tuska invite you to come along on a "Journey to the Center of the Ant" in which only the Vision can save the world from the menace of the fifty-foot hero. George Perez takes over the artistic reins in AVENGERS #141 to help bring back the Squadron Sinister! PLUS: Who is Hellcat?

BLACK GOLIATH: Tony Isabella and George Tuska produce the premiere issue of Black Goliath, who all POWER MAN fans already know. (And if ya don't have any idea who we're talkin' about, ya'd best pick up PM #'s 28 and 29!)

CAPTAIN AMERICA: Marv Wolfman and Frank Robbins remind us that there's "A Captain at the Crime Convention" to get our star-spangled hero to New York in time for Jolly Jack to take over the scripting and art chores with "The Mad Bomb!" Don't miss the most unexpected guest-star ever!

CAPTAIN MARVEL: There's a return to Hala in store for Rick and the Kree Crusader as Captain Marvel returns to his homeland to face off the Supreme Intelligence! Don't miss the senses-shattering surprise story in which Rick Jones finally gains super-powers... but does he want them? Watch for the "Shoot-out at the O.K. Space Station" y'hear?

CHAMPIONS: Ice Man! Angel! Ghost Rider! Black

# INFOMATION

Widow! Hercules! Five names destined to make history! Bonded together and funded by the Angel, this newest of super-teams will be scripted by Tony Isabella and drawn by Dan Heck.

CRAZY: Steve Gerber continues to bring you the best black humor with the special 12th "Paranoia" issue! And if you don't have your *own* "Hang-Ups" the fourteenth issue of the world's third best-selling humor magazine in America is guaranteed to give you as many as you could possibly want!

CREATURES ON THE LOOSE: John Jameson joins a few fellow monsters in the losing of their books, as Man-Wolf makes his last appearance here in ish #32! But if you're aching to see his continuing adventures, drop a line to the new Tony Isabella-edited title, LEGION OF MONSTERS, and ask to see a continuing series on your favorite four fiend. Tell 'em FOOM sent ya.

DAREDEVIL: Join Marv Wolfman, Bob Brown, and Klaus Janson as Election Day approaches Foggy Nelson! Learn the startling secret behind Jandarr, the Space Viking- created over ten years ago by Marv and Steve Leialoha, presently WARLOCK inker! See Matt Murdock open a storefront lawyer organization! Wonder why Irving Forbush bothers to read this! Watch out for Death Stalker, Man Bull, and the Jester, as Matt discovers what it *really* means to be Daredevil. To quote Marv, "I'm only trying to do exciting stories." We're with ya all the way!

DEAD OF NIGHT: This book makes its swan-song with ish #11's premiere of The Scarecrow, as our straw savior goes into his own book!

DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU: Chris Claremont and Rudy Nebres detail the adventures of Iron Fist versus Daoka Khan and the boisterous Silver Dragon in "Shall I Love The Bird of Fire?" See Iron Fist descend to the lowest depths of Hell to rescue "Jade!" PLUS: Meet the mysterious Bowman! (And Bill Mantlo and George Perez want us that if we don't put in a good word for the Sons of the Tiger strip, they'll set Black Byrd on us) And if ya don't know who *he* is, ain't it time you read this mag?)

DEFENDERS: Steve Gerber and Sal Buscema begin the liberation of Earth as Starhawk and the Guardians of the Galaxy wend their way into their own book, and Steve warns us to watch out for another elf! Look forward to learning more of Valkyrie's past, with more sub-plots than you can shake an armadillo at!

DOC SAVAGE: Doug Moench, John Buscema, and Tony De Zuniga team up to bring you a novel-length adventure of the Man of Bronze each issue, in addition to a few wacky articles and far-out photo features!

DOCTOR STRANGE: We bid farewell to cosmic consciousness in a three-part epic featuring Eternity and Nightmare in which, to save a universe, the good Doctor must battle all the myriad mystics which led up to this culmination. The universe is destroyed anyway, but don't worry, effendi, Steve Englehart and Gene Colan have a way out!

FEAR: Bill Mantlo ends the misery of Morbius, the Living Vampire, in issue #32 (which means, politely, that this book is cancelled).

HOWARD THE DUCK: Steve Gerber and Frank Brunner team up to continue in the same tradition as the two previous stories printed in GIANT-SIZE MAN-THING to present the most off-beat first issue saga of all. Howard the Duck (and his faithful companion, Mercedes Bent) teams up with Spider-Man to capture "The Infinity Key!"

HULK: All you jade guest fans will be glad to know that the final resolution of the Glenn Talbot subplot will be in ish #238, well worth waiting for. Len Wein and Sal Buscema (worthy successor to Herb Trimpe) bring us "The Doctor's Name Is Samson," "The Day of the Locust," and "The Abomination Proclamation." If any True Believers can't figure out who the super guest-stars are in each of these issues, go to the back of the class!

INHUMANS: Doug Moench and George Perez bring together a "Spawn of Alien Heat," bringing back Ebenstar. But beware the second issue, when we learn that beauty isn't *always* in the eye of the beholder.

IRON FIST: Chris Claremont and John Byrne present "A Duel of Iron," in which the golden Avenger pits his mechanized might against Danny Rand. There'll be more of Misty Knight, and eighteen pages of fun, fun, fun! and don't miss the second issue - be there at the beginning of the quest!

IRON MAN: Mike Friedrich, Arvell Jones and Chic Stone bring you the end of the super-villain war, paving the way

HOWARD THE DUCK: Steve Gerber and Frank Brunner team up to continue in the same tradition as the two previous stories printed in GIANT-SIZE MAN-THING to

for Len Wein and Herb Trimpe to take over the book and reintroduce the Red Ghost and his Super Apes! Be on the lookout for Kevin O'Brien's brother—he's tougher than he looks!

JUNGLE ACTION: "Panther's Rage" is finally over, leaving the Black Panther time to ponder all the myriad ramifications of the past many months in "Epilogue." But if you think T'Challa's troubles are over, wait'll you meet Madame Slay! NEXT: The Black Panther versus The Klan!

KA-ZAR: Russ Heath and Larry Hama each pencil upcoming issues as Doug Moench, scripter, has our Jungle Lord take on the Lizard Men!

LEGION OF MONSTERS: An all-series book, featuring Man-thing, Dracula, Man-Phibian, and many others, edited by Tony (the Tiger) Isabella.

MAN-THING: This feature is cancelled (much to the dismay of Steve Gerber and Jim Mooney) with ish #22 as "Pop goes the Cosmos!" True Believers won't want to miss this one, 'cause it guest-stars none other than...Steve Gerber?

MARVEL MOVIE PREMIERE: The first in a series of Mighty Marvel black-and-white movie adaptations is "The Land That Time Forgot," written by Marv Wolfman and drawn by John Buscema.

MARVEL PREMIERE: Iron Fist takes his final bow here before premiering in his own book with "Morning of the Mind Storm" as MP turns into a book designed to feature a new series each ish as a tryout. If you like it, it gets its own book. NEXT: Hercules!

MARVEL PREVIEW: Blade, Vampire Slayer, stars in this fifty-five page novel written by Chris Claremont with art by (parts 1 and 2) Tony De Zuniga and The Tribe, (part 3) Rico Rival, and (part 4) Steve Gan, in which he battles the Legion of the Undead!

MARVEL SUPER ACTION: The Punisher, Dominic Fortune, and a third feature as yet unchosen will share the spotlight in this new black-and-white. Len Wein and Howie Chaykin present Dominic Fortune in "The Photo Play Resolution." Plots for the other two features are not yet finalized. On sale September 9th.

MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE: The new writer/artist team is Bill Mantlo and Ron Wilson as Tony Isabella begins working on his two new books, BLACK GOLIATH and THE CHAMPIONS. Coming up: The Thing and Iron Man!

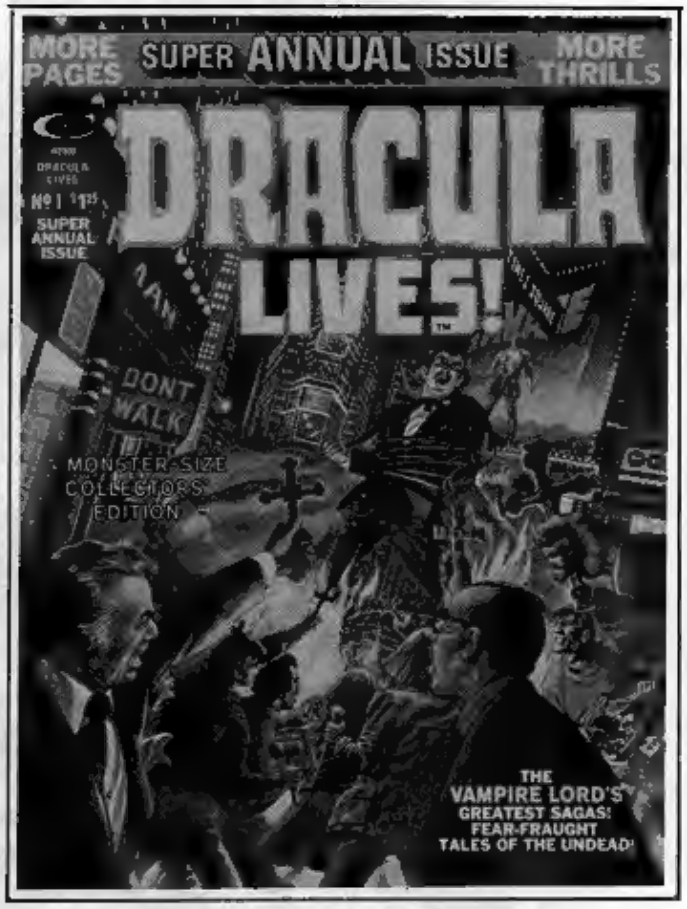
MASTERS OF TERROR: Poe, Derleth, and Lovecraft brought to you courtesy of Tony Isabella, editor.

OMEGA: This book is so new we don't even know what it's about yet...only that it's the brainchild of Steve Gerber and Jim Mooney.

POWER MAN: After Bill Mantlo, George Perez, and Al McWilliams introduce you to "Just A Guy Called 'X' ", Don McGregor will take over Luke Cage's feature and you'll meet Cockroach Hamilton, "The Man Who Killed Jiminy Cricket." Upcoming villains also include Mr. Acid, and Pirhana Jones.

SCARECROW: Scott Edelman and Ruben Yandoc invite you to take a swim in the "Death Waters of The River Styx!" In the second ish, the dread Kalumai learns that "The Scarecrow spells Death!" And as Don Perlin takes over the art with the third issue, supernatural turns super-hero!

SHERLOCK HOLMES: Doug Moench and Val Mayerik present the adventures of the world's greatest detective, beginning with novel-length adaptation of "The Hound of the Baskervilles." This book will also feature far-out article features on everything from the Broadway show to the Baker Street Irregulars.




SKULL: After a first issue by Steve Gan and Marv Wolfman, Sonny Trinidad takes over the art chores for an ish, followed by The Tribe. In #2, Skull come upon a race of aliens as the secret of whats-the-heck-they-are continues to unfold. Be on hand the third time around as Skull gets a costume!

SPIDER-MAN: Len Wein takes over the scripting chores and asks the musical question, "Spider-Man or Spider-Clone?" which brings back the Vulture, The Kingpin, the original Sandman, and a surprise. Upcoming Titles: "A Shocking Development," and "Skirmish Beneath the Sewers."

SPIDEY SUPER STORIES: Now quarterly and Treasury-sized!

STARLORD: "You are the Starlord...and you have a mission," Thus speaks Steve Englehart in this new black-and-white book featuring heroic fantasy in the far-flung future. Both the Zodiac and the universe are delved into this Sonny Trinidad pencilled, Steve Gan inked series. (And Don't miss the bombastic back-up features by Bill Mantlo, Ed Hannigan, and Craig Russell – The Sword in The Star.

STRANGE TALES: With Warlock getting his own title, STRANGE TALES begins reprinting early Doctor Strange stories, the first of which co-stars Thor!

SUPERNATURAL THRILLERS: It's "Armageddon at the Aleph" as John David Warner and Tom Sutton tie up all he loose ends (and wrappings) for the Living Mummy!

THOR (color): Lan Wein takes over the scripting as Zarrko the Tomorrow Man is re-introduced in "The Time Twisters!"

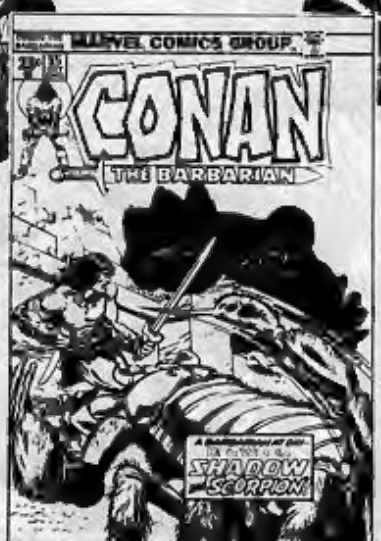
THOR (black-and-white): Five thousand years ago, when Odin ruled the universe...Thor was not yet Dr. Don Blake...he was Thor the Barbarian! Join him in the first meeting between Asgard and Olympus...Join him in WAR! Art by John Buscema!

TOMB OF DRACULA: Count Dracula hunts for Dr. Sun in Boston—and is killed! In fact, for one issue he does not even appear! To quote scriptor Marv Wolfman: "The way Dracula is resurrected may offend some people because it's silly...but it is actual vampire lore...and it fits."

WAR IS HELL: John Kowalski spends a "Christmas Eve in Hell" thanks to travel agents Herb Trimpe and Chris Claremont. That will be the last issue of WIH, and as Chris put it: "If we'd known, we would have explained what was going on the series." Be sure not to miss John Kowalski's farewell bow!

WEREWOLF BY NIGHT: Doug Moench and Don Perlin are upset by this book being cancelled, but you can catch more of Wolfie as the loose plot threads are tied up in TOMB OF DRACULA!

X-MEN: Can even the X-men survive the "Night of the Demon?" In ish #97 the subplots begin anew as Havoc and Lorna Dane—but if we tell ya everything you won't have to *buy* it!



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